

Brendan had always loved her name!
Male and Female at once.

Thanked her parents frequently--though
both gone now.

How she liked being male at restless night...
harmless enough little fellow. Lately, though,

post-midnight visits to LIL'S HOT DOG
EMPORIUM, in Carriage-Trade Hotel.
Only place open. Boy-Dressed!

"Emporium!" laughs waitress, Irene rushing
past. Dimpled and cute, asks mailman Rusty,
"Will that be all, Sir?" Then "...M'am?" to Brendan.

It was till it wasn't.

Now is Irene showering.

Then emerging in huge fluffy robe one,
Carl, had given Brendan. Snowy. "When
I die," sighs Irene, "I hope it's in this robe!"

Brendan has put eye makeup in the pocket,

since Irene had earlier complained of eyes
like pissholes in the snow.

*“You know? I can’t face getting dressed for that
fancy-fruity-healthy hotel breakfast. Could we...?”*

“I do make smashing French Toast!” exclaims
Brend.

“Butter?”

“Rivers!”

Both women laugh, but, of course, Brendan
waits for Irene to note that it’s hardly
a man’s apartment.

She...can’t really wait: “You...naturally know
that I’m a woman?”

“So?”

